

A DREAM OF THE SEA.

A farmer lad in his prairie home
Lay dreaming of the sea;
He ne'er had seen it, but well he knea.
Its pictured image and heavenly hue;
And he dreamed he swept o'er its waters blue. With the winds a blowing free, With the winds so fresh and free

He wokel and he said, "The day will come When that shall be the truth to me."
But as years swept by him he always found
That his feet were clogged and his hands were

bound,
Till at last he lay in a narrow mound,
Afar from the sobbing sea.
The sorrowing, sobbing sea.

Oh, many there are on the plains tonight
That dream of a voyage to be,
And have said in their souls, "The day will When my bark shall sweep through the drifts

But their eyes grow dim and their lips grow

Afar from the tossing sea.
The turbulent, tossing sea.

-Albert Bigelow Paine in Kansas City Star.

JUANA'S ORDEAL.

The early morning sunshine tinged alike intain and sea in the beautiful valley of Carpenteria, in southern California. Juana walked slowly down the path that led from the kitchen door of the quaint house to the more sequestered barn. From here the path led on along the road, in and out among apricot and fig trees, until it stopped abruptly, as if quite worn out with its exertions, on the outskirts of the ranch.

Juana paused a moment, then gathering her skirts tightly in her left hand she be gan to climb the steep trail. She took it without languor or delay, her strong young figure moving upward with scarcely a pause for breath till she reached the top.

Here an old fence bounded the hill pas-ture belonging to Juana's father. She flung herself lightly against the bars of the gate to rest and to gaze upon the scene

On the east the long dusty road was flanked by ranches more or less cultivated. Here and there symmetrical rows of beans met the eye. Olive trees mingled with walnuts were scattered everywhere. Occasionally a red tiled adobe relieved the monotony of open pasture lands and fields dotted with oaks and yellow with the blos-

soms of the golden mustard.

From the foothills rose precipitately the purple mountains, whose crests are often veiled with clouds of feathery mist. A fair land, and dear to the rancher's daughter from her babyhood-the place of her birth and of her people before her. Yet to any one else who had been there the most picturesque thing would not have been the outspread landscape, but the young Spanish girl leaning on the worn gate to look at it. She turned now, and began a series of

low, coaxing whistles, which presently brought her favorite mustang, Pedro, to the bars of the gate. The gate posts were worn smooth by the rubbing of patient an-imals from the adjoining field, and had it not been for the friendly hay rope about their rickety tops Pedro would have surely knocked them down as he stretched his neck over the bars to be caressed by his

They were a pretty picture-the two. The blue-black hair of the girl made more vivid the ripe color in her olive tinted cheeks. Her deep, lustrous eyes had in them that half pained, half pathetic ex-pression peculiar to the eyes of the Spansh girls of the south. Yet Junna knew little of sorrow. The old rancher's only daughter, the had lived a petted life. She was a simple hearted child, and whatever capacity for endurance or courage lay within her it had never been tried.

After a series of vigorous pats, bestowed with many a cooling Spanish phrase of enlearment upon her favorite, Juana produced a rosy apple from her pocket, which Pedro munched with evident satisfaction. She had not come to ask any service of him, only for a morning greeting, and now, after a lingering farewell pat or two, she left the pretty mustang looking over the gate after her, and turned to the steep walk again.

She stepped carefully, for fear of treading too heavily on the crumbling, sun baked adobe and getting a tumble; her light feet made hardly a sound to be noticed among the noises of the country morning-Pedro's reluctant return from the gate to his grazing fellows, the other sounds from the pas-ture, the twittering of birds, the chirping of squirrels, the thousandfold murmur and breath of the bour.

Half way down, the light steps stopped suddenly, and the girl stood with a startled face, listening. Only a keen car and a quick attention could have caught, above all those other noises, that singular and unusual one for such a place and time-the hiss of whispering voices. "Pablo"her father's name—that was the one word she had caught, and half in curiosity, half in fear, she felt she must know why her father's whispered name should thus detach itself from the rustle of leaves to strike her ear and call her attention to the otherwise indistinguishable murmur going

on in the little clump. e leaned silently forward on the edge of the hazy screen of live oaks, every nerve strained to catch the half whispered, half murmured words that rose from within. screen, though it offered no perceptible barrier to sound, was quite dense enough to protect the girl from sight of the men who stood close together behind it, looking for no one in her direction.

"Pablo"-her father's name again, and now it came to her ear sharply, mingled with other words. "Stage"-"coin"-"ar-rest"-she caught; and then in an excited tone, which the others immediately hushed, "pistols."

She edged closer, listened more intensely, and her hearing seemed to become keener. She knew who the men were well enough -ranch hands of Pablo's, halfbreeds, a vagabond set, who would do anything for money. But they were purposeless and dull, incapable of organizing and carrying out a plot to rob the stage of themselves And the bolder rogue, who planned and inspired the crime? The girl was left in no doubt of that-her own father's name was distinctly uttered, his directions repeated. That very night he and his confederates were to lie in wait for the stage that left Santa Barbara for Los Angeles at half past

Juana drew back, realizing that she must slip away undetected, yet too startled and horrifled to think of anything else clearly. She was overcome by the sheer sense of her father's guilt. He was by no means an exemplary ranchman, Juana well knew. But she had no mother and had depended solely on him for care and tenderness, which he had given, at least in sufficient measure to win the response of a child's simple and uncriticising affection, and Juana was not far enough from childhood to have changed much in her feelings. Nor was the code of her people so exacting toward ordinary faults and ill doings of men that what she knew of her father's had affected her with any strong feeling of shame, or given any serious shock to her regard for him.

But this was a different matter. The quiet, honest ranchers of Carpenteria were not of that class of Mexicans in whom a robber excites as much admiration as censure, nor were these the times in which the native Californian easily excused robbeen born and had grown up, peacefully and without thought of hostility, under American laws. The plot stood out in its seckless criminality, its shameless graci | be made. Finally at a crack of the long

before her as before an innocently bren and honest natured ranch girl. As she crept carefully away she was helplessly belimed by the knowledge of his un-

worthiness of her love and respect.

But almost at once a reaction came, and a passionate resolution rose within her mind. It should not be! It had not happened yet-it should not. Some one must prevent it, yet there was no one but herself to do it. By the time she stepped firmly once more

upon the garden path her mind was made up. She knew the uselessness of appeal to her father. She had no confidante among the women of the ranch to whom she dared to breathe such a secret. All the long, slow day it seemed eating her very soul out. All her sweet old time confidence in her father was gone, and when from time to time, as was his demonstrative Spanish way with his pretty daughter, he drew her to him with caresses, she could respond with no joyousness. At last the long day came to a close

The evening meal was ended; the after sup-per work was done. Juana came out from the house into the broad porch, guitar in hand, crossed the porch quietly and seated herself on the stone step, as she had sat before evening after evening. She sang the pretty Spanish airs she was accustomed to sing to her own accompaniment; and though sometimes her voice grew very faint as the sick dread of what was before her swept across her mind, she persevered, and with a heavy heart entertained the lit-tle household. They had all gathered upon the long porch, as was their evening cus-tom; her father was wont to sit by her side smoking and listening, and now and then between his cigarettes making her happy with his easy phrases of praise. But this evening he soon rose and left her, joined the group of ranch hands in a dark of the doorway, and undercover of Juana's songs exchanged murmured question and

answer with them. The gray twilight deepened into night. Soon the moon arose over the eastern mountains, casting on everything such a flood of yellow light as only California knows. The somber group in the corner had relapsed into a moody silence. Juana's guitar sank into her lap, and the hush was broken only by the sound of crickets and the cry from time to time of a night bawk flying across the orchard.

The girl was watching the moon creep un the sky, and counting the minutes, as she had already counted them over and over during the day. Her breath caught in her throat, but she rose silently and carried her guitar into the house. As she passed her father she paused.

"The moon is so bright, father," she said, "I would go out for a little lope with

She had been permitted more than once before to ride thus about the ranch lanes, or for a short distance along the safe neighboring road, on bright moonlight even-Indeed, her father never interfered much with her movements, and their simple ranch life, not unaffected by American customs, was free from strict rules. Pablo nodded without removing his cigarette, and the girl passed on.

She put away her guitar, twisted a scarf over her head, and let herself out at the back door, carrying her briddle in her hand. A little relieved by the possibility of action and the removal of need for self restraint, she hastened at a rapid pace up the path she had trodden early that morning, a light hearted and unsuspecting child, to visit and pet her favorite.

She reached the old fence, and whistled clearly across the moonlit pasture once and again, and presently Pedro came trotting to her. With trembling hands she undid the hay rope and pushed open the sagging gate, and the little horse walked through, knowing well enough that she wanted him. She fastened the gate with mechanical care, then, putting one hand lightly on Pedro's mane, she quickly adjusted the bridle, scrambled to his back she had been on Pedro's back without a saddle too often to waste time now in arranging any such adjunct-and started. In a few minutes she reached a road that skirted the base of the hill; then leaning forward on Pedro's neck, she spoke to him nd shook the bridle, and sent him flying down the road at his best speed.

Breathlessly the girl watched the trees fly by. The road followed the hills for half a mile before it struck a crossroad. Already Juana knew the men were at their post, below the spot where the stage road touched her father's ranch. A fearless rider at all times, she seemed utterly so now, as without drawing rein she wheeled into the rough and imperfect old crossroad and dashed down it. It was only used by teams in winter and was kept in no order, but the little mustang took his way swiftly and surely over the unyielding ruts of rdened adobe and half buried bowlders.

After what seemed to Juana an interinable time, the reckless pair reached the dusty stage road safely. Here they turned and cantered easily up the road to meet the oncoming stage, no sign of which yet appeared. Juana gazed eagerly before her, watching for the expected cloud of dust, but they had cantered on a mile and a half without adventure before it appeared, and Pedro came to a full stop to await it.

The dust moved down upon the waiting pair by the road side, and as it came near Juana saw that it inclosed not the stage but only a Spanish family returning from a day's marketing in Santa Barbara. In the dusty moonlight they seemed almost weird in their picturesqueness. The whole family was in the long wagon, from the young woman in gay bonnet, down through ragged smaller members to the ugly little terrier-who with his shrill bark and contradicting tail is indispensable to the

Spanish household. The wagon toiled past, and Juana looked again up the road, from which the dust slowly cleared away. Her heart almost stopped beating as the fear shot across her that she had miscalculated the time. If she had missed the stage, by now her father was branded forever a criminal; their name was shamed, whether the world ever knew it or not. Suddenly she uttered a joyful exclamation, for around the bend in the road appeared the stage-unmistakable this time through the cloud of dust-and

loaded with people. The driver reined in his horses suddenly at Juana's violent gesticulations to stopso suddenly, indeed, that they were dragged back upon their haunches-and stared with amazement at the girl and the horse. The passengers, startled at the abrupt stoppage, broke into questions and ejacu-

lations as they recovered their balance, and lenned out to hear what was said. Juana shrank back, abashed at so large an audience, yet she was too desperately set in her purpose to hesitate in her speech. In her fluent English, touched with the acgent the child keeps who speaks another language at home, she poured out her stonot the real story, perhaps. Juana's ethical training did not include the absolute necessity of a rigid veracity-but one that served its purpose of warning as well, and gave the driver no room to suspect either her father or his ranch hands-all of

them well known characters in Carpenteria. It made a profound sensation in the stage As soon as she ceased one and another of the women cried out that they would not go past the ambush. They started to their feet, insisting that they be allowed to alight on the spot. The driver, who had no intention of staying where he was till morning, asked, none too politely, days' board is outrageous—a regular whether they wanted to stay there in the middle of the road while he went on and left them. Compelled by this counter terror to remain in their seats, they clung to each other, interchanging their alarm and indignation, while the driver and the men among the passengers counted firearms and laid plans for defense should an attack

whip the horses started and the stage rolled away again down the road.

Meanwhile, Juana had sat still upon her horse by the side of the road, understand ing but little of the rapid confusion of talk going on in the stage. She had done her duty, and she knew that her business now was to get quickly and safely home. Yet she could not go without knowing how things turned out, She had not much fear of serious results now the driver was on his guard, for she knew a show of force and preparation would scatter the halfbreeds; still less did she fear that any of the con federates would be captured amid their fa miliar fields, and exposed to the world. Nevertheless, the misgiving that some one might possibly be hurt drew her on after

the stage. She cantered along behind it until it had passed an old walnut tree, not far beyond which was the place of ambush. Nearer to the concealed group of men than this tree she dared not go, for not a man standing concealed in the dark spot beyond would have failed to know at a glance the girlish figure on the familiar little mus-

So she drew rein in the shadows of the walnut, and sat and watched the stage as it rapidly decreased the distance between itself and the fatal spot.

From the place where Pedro stood, un seen herself, she could clearly see that spot She knew just where the men must be standing-just what their positions must be, Juan's and Domingo's and Sancho'sjust what signal would be given, and what move would be made. The stage bore down upon the place-it was almost there-a sharp crack of the whip cleft the air and reached the girl's ears, and the stage lunged more swiftly forward into the shadow. The girl leaned forward with strained eyes and ears. Would that sudden, resist-

less dash carry them past? Then came several quick, confused shouts, and then a pistol shot, followed by a long, low cry of gony and despair. Then the stage stopped The moonlit air grew black to the girl, and she cried out herself with a piercing shriek, all thought of self control lost in her passionate Spanish soul. She knew it was her father's voice, and even before the road cleared to her eyes she shook the reins and clung blindly to Pedro's back as he flew over the ground toward the huddle of stage and meh.

The horse checked himself abruptly, trembling a little, as he came upon the excited group. The men who stood about something on the ground wheeled sharply to look as he dashed down upon them. They cast weird shadows in the clear moonlight as they stepped forward and stepped, recognizing the girl and looking at her with more amazement than before, as she slid down from the horse, and without paying any attention to them staggered across the moonlit space, dropped down beside the prostrate figure and put her arms

The old man lay stretched out in the dimness, between the moon and shadowed place of ambush, where they had carried him and laid him with his head on a loosely rolled horse blanket. His eyes were closed, and the blood trickled from a wound in his left shoulder, making an ugly red track in the soft white dust. The halfbreeds were nowhere to be seen-they must have shrunk back and scattered away across the fields at the first sign of resistance. The men standing about drew away, half respecting the girl's despair, half eager to tell their story to the women who waited, frightened, yet full of curios ity, in the stage. Only the driver stood close by, to enforce his claims on the robber's person, lest Juana should dispute them-understanding at once, now he had rupted. seen old Pablo's face, how much the girl had concealed, and guessing her relation-

ship to the rancher. Pablo was not dead. Juana looked up, and as she saw the man standing grimly by it flashed across her what he was there for; and the whole sequence of prison and shame, crowded from her mind by the more imminent fear of death, rose up be-

With a dry, tearless sob and a passionate movement of despair, she sprang up and flung herself before the man, breaking into

'Leave him with me!" she cried, "Leave him with me! You are safe-see no one is the worse! Why must you take him? What good? Give him to me-do not convey him to prison. He is an old man. See his gray hair and the blood. He is hurt already-spare him! You shall have gold, all you want; there is no one but me, and I care not if there is nothing left for me; but leave my father."

The driver was not a hard man, and the girl's piteous voice and pathetic eyes moved him; nor was he possessed of so rigid a sense of civic responsibility as to make him think that it was his duty to resist her. The gray hair that Juana appealed to brought to his mind his own gray haired father. He looked at her and at the robber, and turning around left her kneeling in the dust and walked away without a word. A minute more and the stage had resolved it self into a cloud of dust, fast disappearing down the dim stretch of road.-Katharine Du Bois in Overland Monthly,

The Best Pianos Need Tuning Often. The piano is an instrument of extreme out of tune so easily now as formerly, because they are better made, with stronger frames and heavy plates to support the strain of the strings, yet the causes are numerous which make necessary the occasional visits of the piano tuner. For in-stance, the strings get out of tune by contraction and expansion of the materials used in its construction and by the stretch of the strings, and unless the tuner is called the pitch continually gets lower and lower and the tune loses its brilliancy .-Interview in Seattle Telegraph.

"I see that the name of the gasman is given on this playbill. What does the gas-

"I fancy he writes the advance notices of

the plays that are produced."-Puck. Jaysmith (gloomily)-Larkin called me a liar today.

Mrs. Jaysmith (indignantly)-Did you tell him to prove it? Jaysmith-It wasn't necessary.-West

Feline Sagacity. A very much petted cat of mine, aged She had seated herself on a portion of the calico which was before me on a small table, and before leaving the room for a few minutes I carefully arranged the part of the work with the needle in it so that it hung over the edge of the table and was well out of Tiny's way. On my return I found she had gathered up the calico and was sitting upon it, but had kept out the unfinished hem, and was holding down the needle with her right paw, purring loudly the while at what she evidently considered a successful imitation of her mistress.-Lon-

don Spectator. No Excuse.

swindle, sir.

ber that hotel charges are not based on what a guest consumes, but on what is provided. The waste of food at hotels is

Hotel Proprietor-You must remem

Guest-Then why don't you cook -New York Weekly.

AT SWETT'S BAR.

PRENTICE MULFORD TELLS ABOUT LIFE ON THE TUOLUMNE.

Women Were Scarce, but Black Bottles and Fun Were Plentiful-A Legislator Who Served the State and Brought Home a Blue Coat with Brass Buttons on It.



of the camps on one California gold bearing river will touch a responsive chord in the

heart of some old Californian; for the life and incident of the bars I describe reflect in certain respects the life, history and incident of hundreds and thousands of places settled in '49, and perhaps abandoned by '60, which have now no name or place on the later maps of the state. Your genuine old miner likes to revisit the camp where first he dug for gold, in thought if not in person. It was no common affection they enter-

tained for these places. If the "boys" moved away to other diggings they had always to make a yearly pilgrimage back, so long as the camp lasted. So, yearly from Vallecito, thirty miles distant, used Jake Yager to revisit Swett's, and he tramped the whole distance too. What was it that so drew them back? Perhaps the memory of the new and exciting life they experienced from '49 say till '58 or '60, with its "ups and downs," its glit-tering surprises in the shape of "strikes," its comradeship soon so developed among men who, meeting as strangers, so soon found out each other's better qualities, its freedom from the restraints of older communities, its honesty and plainness in the expression of opinion, engendered by such freedom. All these thought over and over again during absence brought about that strong desire to see the old bar again, the scene of so much experience and private history. Then the visitor always met a hearty welcome. He was an old "residenter." Cabin owners contended for the pleasure of entertaining him. No wives or families were in the way. Conviviality was uninter-

If a black bottle could be produced it could be worshiped undisturbed until long past midnight. And such was always produced on the return of the old acquaintance. When the "boys" at last tumbled into their bunks and smoked a nightcap pipe abed there was no wife in special charge of husband to molest or make them afraid or disturb their internal peace by reason of her near presence. Those were the golden seasons of masculine donnstic tranquillity on the banks of the Tuo. e. Woman never disturbed the bar p per gith her presence. It was always a masculine bar, at least on the right bank of the river. On the left, at a later date, on a flat, where I enjoyed the privilege of digging for next to nothing for two years, there did live for a time three foreign house-

holds glorified by woman's presence.

But this was after the palmy days of

Swett's Bar proper, right bank. I have heard that Swett's Bar was named after John Swett, once superintendent of public instruction ra California. If so, he never there left any relics or reminders of himself-not even a grammar. Swett's lies equidistant from Hawkins and Indian bars. Where to ored man, and had him brought before last I passed through it the floods bear him. washed out every trace of man's had ence on one side of the river, learning there an enormous heap of logs brushwood. The bar proper had be smoothed down by the flood, every he or bowlder heap, or heap of "head, sensibility, and although pianos do not get | ings" or "tailings," or the deep pits dus, and laboriously kept free of water by machinery, or heavily rock freighted crib of logs, the work of miners in the river's bed, had been planed away. The pebbles and bowlders had all been rearranged, the sands were smooth, white and glistening as though "fresh from the Creator's hands," and none save those conversant with the river's history could have guessed that every foot of the bank adjoining the river had been turned over and over again in the search

We elected one member of the legislature from Swett's. When he left the Bar he distributed his cabin, blankets, and household effects among the remaining miners. He confidently thought never to need these articles again. That was as great a miscalculation as when a Swett's Bar or any other bar miner would resolve and swear violently that never again would he "strike a pick" in the river. We came to regard such an oath with a superstitious credulity that he certainly would strike such pick again. for never did such a case occur in my recollection but that the mad resolver ten, was with me while sewing recently. was back next season, ignoring his vow and striking his pick on some claim generally poorer than the one he worked the season previous. So at the end of four months, after cumbering the law books of the state of California with statutes, whose very existence was forgotten eight months after their passage, our Swettis Bar legislator was seen one evening coming down the hill bearing in one hand two whisky bottles tied together by one string-one being empty and the

"Silver and gold have I none," said be, as he came to my cabin door, "but what I have give I unto thee," which he did. Noxt day came his trunk. The a year. principa accessions to the legislative wardrobs were three new shirts and a blue coa: with brass buttons. Thatthe session. I think, of 1859-was known as the legislature of 10,000 drinks." Our lawmaker said it had been the "star winter" (f his existence, and he never expected to see such another. Three days after his arrival at the Bar he bor-

a chum and contentedly resumed his pick and shovel. Did Cincinnatus do more when he buckled once more to the plow? But our Swett's Bar Cincinnatus was never hunted for to save his country. There were too many other coun-

try savers on hand, even in our immediate locality. Generally speaking, Swett's was di-

vided in two portions. There was the old bar on the right bank of the river, settled in '49, and there was the flat on the other side, whose golden store was not discovered until 1859. Attempts were made to give this flat a distinct name. Various settlers and miners craved the immortality which they supposed might thus be conferred. For a time it was called "Frazer's Flat," from a diabolical Scotchman of that name who lived there. Only one of these names would stick, and finally everybody set-tled down on the old appellation, "Swett's." I do not believe that John Swett, if he did confer his name on the bar, ever realized the local fame and reputation of his name. When first we struck the diggings at Swett's left bank we had great expectations. It was a later discovery, a "back river channel." Consequent on the discovery of pay ground 1,000 feet back of the river, and the definite fixing of the boundary lines between the various claimants, there ensued the usual series of disputes, rows, bad blood, assaults and threatened shootings. Nobody was shot. Not even a mining lawsuit came of it.

down from Columbia diggings, twenty five miles away, through Wood's creek. That flume was being talked of, being planned, being hoped for and very grad ually being erected during the years of '59 and '60, while the rest of the nation was agitated by "Bleeding Kansas," "John Brown," "Squatter Sover eignty," "The Douglas Party," "The Little Giant" and all that foreboding series of watchword and motto which preceded "The War." But the Swett's Bar mind, The Swett's Bar hope, the Swett's Bar expedition, was concentrated principally on a wire cable, two uprights on eithe side of the river, and some 400 feet of rough wooden flume thereby supported, all of which was to bring us water to wash out the expected gold. At last the suspension flume was finished. We had water. We commenced washing. The dirt did not pay as we expected. We averaged week in and week out about three dollars per day, and one dollar of

this went for water money. After the suspension flume was finished and water was on our Flat our claim cleaned up for the first week's work about fifty dollars apiece. We used quicksilver plentifully in the sluices, and the amalgam was taken to my cabin in a gold pan and put on the hot coals to drive off the mercury, which it did, and salivated the four of us besides The sublimated mineral covered walls, tables and chairs with a fine frostlike coating, and on rubbing one's finger over any surface a little globule of quicksilver would roll up before it. Then we went to Chinese camp and gave the doctor about half our individual week's dividends to get the mercury out of us. Three weeks of sore mouths and loosened teeth followed this intelligent exposure. It was through such experiences as these that we have become in California practical mineralogists. However, it's an

easy way of taking "blue mass." The claim from which great gains had been expected eventually settled down to an average of \$2.50 to \$3 per day. Break downs of the flume, failure of water from up country, very stormy voirs, cutting tail races through rockall caused numerous delays, and every such delay lessened the average per diem. It was necessary to build reservoirs, to store the water for washing, and these reservoirs broke with the ease and facility of a Bowery savings bank. PRENTICE MULFORD.

General Sherman's Turkey Story. General William Tecumseh Sherman

told good stories. "When I was with the army in Georgia a slave owler one Christmas missed a fat turbiev. He suspected a fine looking col-

"You have steen my turkey and eaten it,' said the irate master. "Tse not gwine to ay I didn't when

you says I did, massa.' ought to do something to you What have you to say why I should not punish you? "Well, massa, you han't los' any-

little less turkey and a good deal more "And the master had to acknowledge the philosophy of the slave and let him go unpunished."-Chicago Timea.

thing particular. You see, you have a

Important if True.

Here is a prodigiously tall story sent to us by a young subscriber. "A gentleman in Rosario was once attacked by Pampa Indians. There were seven of them and he had only his six shooter, with five shots from which he succeeded in laying low the same number of his assailants. He had then one charge left, and the remaining two men were ad-

vancing toward him. "Quick as thought he opened his pocket knife, held it up in front of the pistol barrel, with the sharp edge of the blade toward him, and fired. The knife split the bullet in halves, each half killing one of his foes, and the hero thus saved his scalp. This is his own account of the affair."—Buenos Ayres Standard.

In His Proper Place.

"It was only a lark, sir," pleaded a conthful delinquent, in extenuation of a polish trick he had played on a confiding

"Only a lark, eh?" said the former stipendary magistrate for the Manchester division of Lancashire. "Well, we have a cage for larks, into which I shall put you for seven days."-London Tit-Bits.

The Dublin and Wrightsville railroad, extending a distance of nineteen miles between two Georgia towns, has been called the "cheapest railroad in the world." It was built and equipped for \$4,000 a mile and has earned 40 per cent.

There is a law on the statute books of Massachusetts requiring that any person finding property to the value of three dollars or more shall have the same recorded at the office of the town or city

rowed a part of blankets, "cabined" with Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



A local capitalist threw a flume across the river, and brought to bear on the flat the upland muddy water, which came down from Colombia Novince the flat down from Colombia Novince the flat that the upland muddy water, which came

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